

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S,

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN FRENCH

BY THE CELEBRATED M. FENELON,  
ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY,

A T T E M P T E D I N  
E N G L I S H B L A N K V E R S E:

T O W H I C H I S P R E F I X E D

A N E S S A Y

O N T H E O R I G I N A N D M E R I T S O F R H Y M E:

BY THE REV. JOHN YOUDE, A. M.

L A T E F E L L O W O F

S T. J O H N ' S C O L L E G E, C A M B R I D G E.

R O C H E S T E R:

P R I N T E D B Y T. F I S H E R; A N D S O L D B Y J. D O D S L E Y,  
I N P A L L M A L L, L O N D O N.

M D C C L X X V.



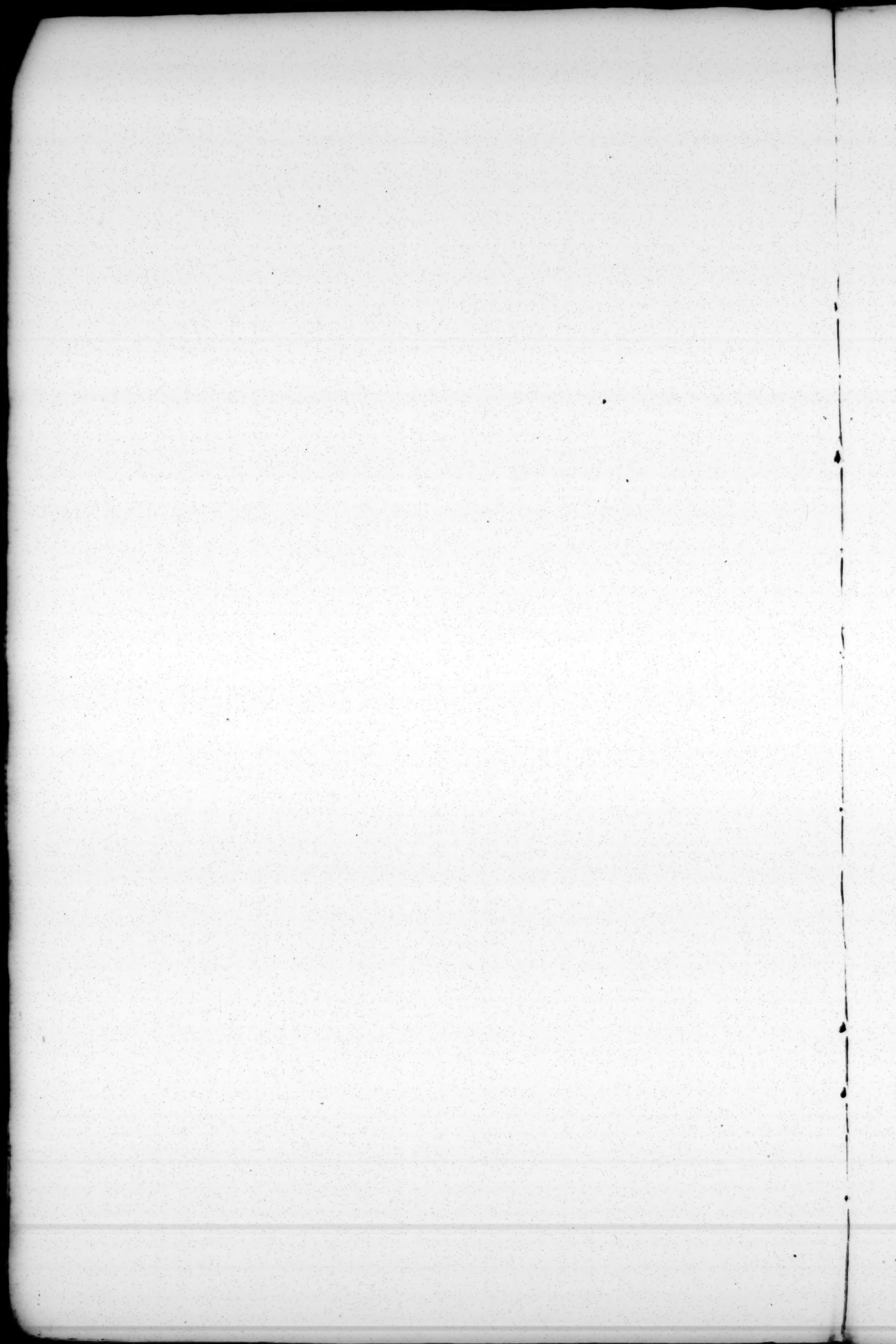
10.





## P R E F A C E.

THE numerous Translations of TELE-  
MACHUS already published, not only  
in our own, but, as it is said, in all the lan-  
guages of Europe, may serve as so many  
proofs of the excellence of the original  
work; which, tho' written in *prose*, has all  
the essential qualities of the *epic poem*. If  
the reader would see it's beauties display-  
ed at large, and in their proper colours,  
I would beg leave to refer him to M. Ram-  
say's *Discours de la poesie epique*, &c. usual-  
ly prefixed to the work.—It is now at-  
tempted in *English blank verse*, a form in  
which it has never yet appeared.



## E S S A Y

O N

## R H Y M E.

*Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.*

Hor. Sat. 2. 3.

—Celui qui veut être sage, doit tenir pour suspect tout ce qui plaît et est approuvé du peuple, du plus grand nombre; et doit regarder à ce qui est bon et vrai en soi, et non à ce qui le semble, et qui est le plus usité et fréquenté, et ne se laisser coiffer et emporter à la multitude.

Charron, Liv. 2. Chap. 1.

**B**EFORE I enter on the merits of rhyme, it may not be improper to lay before the reader some account of its origin. The following account is given us of it by a modern writer, together with his opinion of rhyme in general.

“ There



“ There are various opinions,” says that writer, “ about the antiquity of rhyme; but that appears to be the best founded which derives it from the *Moors*, or *Arabs*, who used it before the time of *Mahomet*. And from the *Spanish* Moors the art of rhyming has diffused itself over *Europe*; so that it is not only introduced into all the vulgar languages, but even into the *Latin*. And herein nobody has excelled *Leonius*; whence Latin rhymes are called *Leonine*. It is scarce to be described, how fond the men of that time, and particularly the *Monks*, were of this folly: all their conceits were dressed in rhyme, whatever became of the sense.

“ The original *Leonine* verses resemble the prating of a parrot more than rational discourse. And as rhyme, of which there are nine kinds, was then esteemed the most essential thing in a poem, these happy verse-makers most assiduously applied themselves to all the kinds. Nay, rhymes were afterwards so highly admired, that the rich-rhyming poets would bring two or three of them into a single verse. Whence it may be inferred, that absurdity was in a manner necessary to rhyme; which proved to be the case in fact; for these rich-rhymed poems have so little sense with their clack, that they might properly be used as clappers to frighten birds.

“ What a high opinion the world has had of this miserable invention, appears by certain phrases still used

used in different languages; implying the strength and solidity of a discourse by the word *rhyme*; so that rhyming and reasoning are usually tacked together as synonymous. *That rhymes well, that rhymes ill, &c.* signifies in most modern languages. *That is sense, that is nonsense, &c.* Sometimes indeed common language is less favourable to rhyme; as when we say, *There is neither rhyme nor reason in a thing*; where rhyme only walks side by side with reason.

“ It must indeed be acknowledged, that there are several excellent poems in rhyme; but the question is, whether they would not still have been better, had the authors paid no regard to it. The *Italians* and the *English* are the first people of *Europe*, who attempted to shake off this yoke of bondage: and their poetical performances are the best of *Europe*. But the *French*, to the detriment of other nations, have not yet quitted this rattle. I say, the *French* retain this plaything to the detriment of other countries; because other countries do not so much inquire after the *bon sens*, as after the *mode of France*. And I dare assign this as a reason, why rhyme is still retained in the northern countries. For so great is the prevalence of *France*, that other nations seem to glory in borrowing their fashions, their taste, their wit, their phrase, and even their morals, if not their religion, from thence.

“ We

“ We have examples of the bad effect of rhyme in all the singing psalms of *Europe*; where we find numerous words used improperly, and often absurdly, for the sake of rhyme; and where the sense of the divine Original is thus sacrificed to a childish jingle.

“ I would not be supposed to depreciate poetry; which is distinguished from other writings, by its sublimity, elegance, and brightness of thought and expression: but I judge, that whatever interferes with these properties of poetry, ought to be banished. Certainly nothing should be retained to cramp or confine the genius of the poet, who requires full liberty, and cannot brook restraint without losing of his force, his energy, his dignity, and power of moving, raising, and transporting the soul; which is an effect not to be produced by the rattle of rhyme.

“ A poet and a versifier differ in this, that the labours of the poet, his spirit, or brightness of thought, are not entirely lost by unraveling his construction, bringing his words to order, and shewing them in a simple style: whereas the labour of the versifier vanishes together with his cadence and his rhyme. An ugly woman, when dressed and painted, may pass upon superficial admirers for a beauty: but take off her cap, wipe away her paint, uncurl her locks, and the hideous form returns.”

The Tablet, &c. Sect. 1. Chap. 9.

After



After all the noble efforts that have been made by English, Italian, and Spanish poets, to free the world from the unnatural bondage of rhyme; that we should, in this enlightened age, continue our attachment to it, and even court our chains, may seem perhaps strange and unaccountable. But we have been so long accustomed to the jingle of rhyme, having been taught to admire it, almost from our infancy, as something essential to poetry; and our taste, in consequence, has been so miserably depraved, and perverted from the truth and simplicity of nature; that the attachment to this folly or prejudice, (it deserves no better name,) is no more to be wondered at, than the attachment to any other folly or prejudice which is grown into a habit, and wrought, as it were, into our very frame and constitution.

Yet in its *origin* how mean and despicable, in *itself* how absurd and unnatural is rhyme! the insignificant, yet laborious production of *ignorance*, *false taste*, *great leisure*, and *little wit*! That such a monster of absurdity should have been admired and courted in the dark ages of *monkish ignorance*, or by the vulgar of every succeeding age, is not at all surprising: but that men of *learning*, *genius*, *taste*, and *sentiment*, should ever have submitted to pay their adorations to this senseless idol, is beyond measure astonishing. And the very best that can be said for them, is, that they were carried

ed away by custom and the fashion of the times, blinded by the prejudice of education; or that they submitted to this folly against their better judgment.

There was one, however, of our own countrymen, who had sense and spirit enough to oppose this torrent of corruption. *Milton*, after the example of some foreign poets, and observing, no doubt, with what success our immortal *Shakespeare* had rejected rhyme in his Tragedies,—quitted the jingling bawble with disdain, and had the honour to be the first of his own countrymen, who restored the *epic poem* to it's ancient dignity.—“Some Italian and Spanish poets,” says *M. Ramfay*, “have endeavoured to break loose from the restraint of rhyme. An English poet,” (continues he, meaning *Milton*) “has done it with wonderful success, and has even shewn, that the language he uses, is capable of being diversified by inversion of phrases. The French perhaps may one day nobly assert their poetic liberty, after the example of the Greeks and Romans.” \*

\* “Quelques Italiens, quelques Espagnols ont tâché d'affranchir leur versification de la gêne des rimes. Un poëte Anglois y a réussi merveilleusement, et a commencé même avec succès d'introduire les inversions des phrases dans sa langue. Peut-être que les François reprendront un jour cette noble liberté des Grecs et des Romains.”

Discours de la poésie épique, &c.

It

It were indeed devoutly to be wished, that such a reformation might take place all over *Europe*; that rhyme were *universally* exploded, banished from every species of poetry without exception, even from the shortest *odes* and *sonnets*.—Yet rhyme, however despicable, might have its use, if it were but confined to its own province. It might, for instance, very properly be employed in *doggerel*, *burlesque*, *Hudibrastic mummery*, and *travesty*. In such kinds of wit indeed, *rhyme* seems to be not only a very suitable ornament, but a necessary ingredient; for nothing, I think, can more effectually answer the purposes, or heighten the effect of *ridicule* more than the use of *rhyme*. I would therefore by no means be understood to detract from its merit in that respect; only let it be confined to its own province, let it not deceive us under an appearance of *gravity*, let not the impostor any more approach to profane the temple of the *Muses*; who, though professed patronesses of *true wit* and *eloquence*, are all of them, however, enemies to *buffoonery*.

How is the sublimity of Homer's Muse debased by rhyme! The eagle's wings are clipped! And Virgil's verse, a mighty stream, that rolls with such majestic pomp,—having distributed its waters into innumerable little channels, called rhymes, dwindles by degrees to a *babbling brook*; thus resembling in its fate that great unfortunate river the *Rhine*.



For my own part, I must confess, when I see an *epic poem* in *rhyme*, it sometimes puts me in mind of *Apollo* in his state of *humiliation*, stript of his beams, and reduced to the condition of a shepherd: sometimes it gives me the idea of an *ancient warrior* metamorphosed into a *modern beau*; and very often of a *grave judge* in the motley habit of a *merry-andrew*, with bells jingling at his heels.

But what shall we say then of *Tragedies* in rhyme, where Kings and Statesmen are represented in the most important and interesting situations, Heroes and Heroines in the utmost distress, and when their dearest interests are at stake, when the fate of a whole Kingdom or Empire perhaps is in question, yet appear sufficiently at leisure to be playing at *crambo* with each other? This, I must confess, was an invention worthy of Mr. *Bayes* himself; tho' perhaps it might now be thought a strange absurdity, a contradiction to nature, reason, and common sense. Yet this was the taste or humour of the age in which *Dryden* flourished; and the *French*, with all their politeness, are still in a state of barbarity in this respect. The present taste in England is more refined and simplified, more just and natural: I believe, if one of those *rhyming Tragedies* were now to be introduced upon the English Stage, it would be exploded even by the Galleries with the highest indignation and contempt.

At times indeed the great High-priest himself was almost sick of rhyme, (which is wonderful,) and *half-*  
attained

ashamed of himself; as in the prologue to his *Aureng-zebe*, where the hero sighs, languishes, and talks love to his Indamora in *rhyme*, whines and whimpers in *rhyme*, rages in *rhyme*, and is almost poisoned in *rhyme*. In this prologue, however, the Author declares he has changed his *taste of wit*, (a good change!)

“ And, to confess a truth, (tho’ out of time,)  
Grows weary of his long-lov’d Mistress, Rhyme”.

Yet he thinks,

“ What verse can do, he has perform’d in this,  
Which he presumes the most correct of his:  
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame  
Invades his breast at *Shakeſpear’s* ſacred name:  
Aw’d when he hears his God-like Romans rage,  
He in a juſt deſpair would quit the ſtage.”

“ With all the violence,” ſays Mr. Spence\*, “ that Mr. Dryden wrote in this cauſe, you ſee he was forced to recant at laſt. — And now I have mentioned Mr. Dryden, it may be worth the inquiry to conſider a little more particularly, what that writer has ſaid on this ſubject; as he muſt be allowed on all hands to have been one of the nicest judges of harmony, one of the greateſt maſters of verſification, and one of the beſt poetical critics in general, that our nation has ever produced.—I am inclined to believe, ” continues Mr. Spence, “ that Dryden always ſaw through the defects and inconveniences of

\* Eſſay on Pope’s *Odyſſey*.

rhyme, not to say the barbarity and childishness of it. Indeed one might be justified in saying even this; for Dryden himself follows Vossius in calling it expressly,\* *a childish sort of verse*; and says, that some *rhyming hexameters*, which may be discovered in Homer, were probably the remains of a *barbarous age*. 'Virgil,' adds that writer, 'had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax, than what we call a rhyme—The nicer ears in Augustus's Court could not pardon him for a line in which he had only dropt something like it: so that the principal ornament of modern poetry, was accounted *deformity* by the Latins and Greeks.'

" After observing, that the Greek tongue falls naturally into *iambics*, and the Latin into *heroic verse*, he calls all our little arts of rhyming, *barbarities*; and adds, 'that as age brings men back into the state and infirmities of *childhood*,—upon the fall of their empire the Romans doted into rhyme.'

" If you would know his sentiments of rhyme, more particularly in relation to the present purpose, and its use in translating an *heroic poem*; as it happens, there is a remarkable passage written by him on this very occasion: it was in his more advanced judgment; and particularly, as he himself informs us when he was in his great climacteric. He is speaking of Hannibal Caro's translation of the *Æneid*:

\* Preface to Virgil's *Pastorals*, page 95.



‘The performance,’ \* says he, ‘is very mean, though that poet took the *advantage* of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write *well* in rhyme, may write *better* in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the *best* poets, and those who make it with *most ease*: what it adds to *sweetness*, it takes away from *sense*; and he who loses the *least* by it, may be called a *gainer*. It often makes us swerve from an author’s meaning: as, if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white.’ †

\* Dedication to his *Eneid*, page 417.

† To this I must beg leave to add the opinion of an adept in the art of rhyming; who says,

“ But those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other’s sake,  
For one for *sense*, and one for *rhyme*,  
I think’s sufficient at one time.

HUDIBRAS.

And indeed the poor poets are sometimes so hard put to it to make the *ends* of their verses *chime together*, that I really think, if the world will still insist upon *rhyme*, it ought to allow them the liberty which the facetious Author of *Hudibras* here contends for.

“Thus

“ Thus far Mr. Dryden. And his opinion weighs the more with me in this case, because, if any thing, we might expect that he should be prejudiced in favour of rhyme: but the reason of the thing, you see, prevailed over all other considerations: he goes so far as to condemn his own manner of writing, rather than suffer such a corruption to pass without a severe censure; and to that end, very generously gives up his practice to his judgment.”

Dryden, it is said \*, did sometimes struggle to get loose from his chain, but that he *always relapsed, and was faster bound than ever*; yet he very confidently asserts, that *he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse*. But would not the circumstance above-mentioned, I mean, his ineffectual struggles to free himself from the bondage of rhyme, lead one to imagine, that an inveterate habit of rhyming, or a fond attachment to such *laborious trifles*, weakens and contracts the powers of the mind, damps it's native vigour, renders it incapable of any great or noble effort, and, as Horace says on another occasion,

— *affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ?* †

Dryden has also taken it for granted, that rhyme *adds*, I know not what, to the *sweetness* of verse: but says he, *what it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense*. In this I entirely agree with him, that *rhyme* is extremely apt to *take away from sense*; but that it

\* See Felton's Dissertation on the Classics.

† Hor. Sat. 2: 2. v. 79.

*adds to sweetness*, I absolutely deny. For that surely must depend upon the *harmony*, the just *proportion*, the judicious *variety* and *choice* of numbers, not upon the jingling sound of *like endings*, which is more likely to offend and disgust an unprejudiced and delicate ear, than to produce harmony, or *sweetness*. One might as reasonably expect harmony from the *jingling of a child's rattle*.—But if *rhyme* contributes so much as he imagined, to *sweetness*, I would ask the fondest admirers of rhyme, in what consists the sweetness of *Virgil's* verse? or, would rhyme have *added* to the sweetness of it? or, will any one affirm, that *Dryden's Translation* of *Virgil* has more sweetness than the *Original*?—Some prose-writers too are more pleasing than others: *Herodotus*, for instance, is remarkable for the *sweetness* and *harmony* of his style: *What can be sweeter than Herodotus?* says *Tully*\*. Every thing, according to *Quintilian*, *flows so smoothly in Herodotus*, and the very dialect he uses has something in it so pleasing and delightful, that one would imagine it contained some latent harmony of numbers†. And so enchantingly sweet and elegant is the style of *Xenophon*, that the *Graces* themselves, says *Quintilian*, seem to have had a hand in forming it‡: nay, the same harmonious writer, by the general suffrage of Greece, was styled the *Attic Muse*.

\* *Quid Herodoto dulcius?* T. Cicero.

† *In Herodoto vero cum omnia, ut ego quidem sentio, leniter fluant, tum ipsa locutio habet eam jucunditatem, ut latentes etiam numeros complexa censeantur.* Quint. Inst. Lib. 9. Cap. 4.

‡ *Ut ipse finisset sermone gratia videatur.*

Ibid. Lib. 10. C. p. 1.

Thete



These instances, I think, are sufficient to show, that *sweetness* has not the least dependance upon *rhyme*, since it may exist in the highest degree without it. The sweetness of verse, it is evident, must consist in a certain *harmonious variety* of *numbers* and *cadence*. "That there is a *charm* in *Poetry*", says an ingenious and learned writer, "arising from its numbers only, may be made evident from the five or six first lines of the *Paradise Lost*; where without any pomp of phrase, sublimity of sentiment, or the *least degree of imitation*, every reader must find himself to be sensibly delighted; and that, only from the graceful and simple *cadence* of the *numbers*, and that artful variation of the *cæsura* or *pause*, so essential to the harmony of every good poem\*".

"You will sometimes meet with a rhyme-poem," says Mr Spence†, "all the lines of which run off entirely with the same pauses; the stream always equal and so level that you can scarce perceive it to move. What do you think of each couplet chiming on in the same stops and measure, with the most tedious uniformity of sound imaginable?"--But allowing that *some* rhyme-poems may be somewhat less censurable than *others*, in this respect; yet, "after all," continues Mr. Spence, "let our poets manage the cadence and structure in rhyme-verse ever so artfully, it will fall vastly short of blank in these particulars.

\* See *A Discourse on Music, Painting and Poetry*, by James Harris, Esq; Chap. 5.

† Essay on Pope's *Odyssey*.

Indeed *rhyme* is a natural *enemy* to them; it breaks and disturbs both the structure and the cadence. The very sound of any periods the best constructed, will convince one of this; when a person of a good ear is reading them, you may observe that he endeavours to drop the rhyme, and lose the jingle of it, as much as possible: and when the sound of it is not sufficiently kept under, you will find that it spoils the continuance, and occasions too great a break in the period."

Speaking of rhyme in general, he adds, "I own, it is with a strange readiness, that people fall generally into this taste; it has almost *universal consent* on it's side: and the few assertions of the liberty of verse meet with little praise, or even countenance, from the world. How many persons would fly into unreasonable heats upon hearing half what I have said to you! I should beg the favour of any such person, who would please to be disobliged in it, to ask himself what argument there is for this practice, which has so generally obtained in the modern world? If he can find none, 'tis easy to bring the matter more home, and to ask further, whether he thinks rhyme would be proper in the *Odyssey* and *Eneid*? And then I shall be glad to hear what reasons can be affirmed, why it should be improper in a *Latin* or *Greek*, and not so in an *English* Epic?—I am persuaded," continues Mr. Spence, "it is nothing but *use*, which makes it supportable at present; and whenever the world re-

covers itself from this *agreeable stupor*, it will then appear as *ridiculous* to the reader as it has been *inconvenient* to the poet.—Might it not have been much better, and much more for their honour, for Mr. Dryden in his time, and Mr. Pope in our's, to have broken through this tedious *slavery*; and to have freed the world from a taste so *irrational* and *barbarous*?—I own it to you, I have something of an impatience in me to see this great reformation in poetry set on foot: I wish it could be brought about in our time; and, if not, almost envy those who in future ages shall be so happy as to see men awake from this lethargy of verse; when all the poets shall conspire to restore *strength* to their *sentiments*, and *nerves* and *variety* to their *numbers*; when the writers shall throw aside all those idle arts and tricks which we now play with sounds; and *true harmony* shall flourish without encroaching upon *true sense*."

How does the judicious Earl of Roscommon lament the miserable substitution of *rhyme* for the divine *poetry* of the ancients! How warmly does he invite, nay, and solicit his countrymen to break it's bonds asunder, and restore the Muses to their ancient liberty! Yet even he, against his better judgment, has sometimes, though not always, submitted to the yoke. In his *Essay on translated verse* he says,

"Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;  
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws:

For



For that in Greece or Rome was never known,  
 Till by barbarian deluges overflown : \*  
 Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,  
 And change their own for their invaders' way.

" I grant, that from some mossy idol-oak,  
 In double rhymes our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke ;  
 And by succession of unlearned times,  
 As *bards* begun, so *monks* rung on the chimes.

" But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine  
 With all their beams on our blest island shine,  
 Why should not we their ancient rites restore,  
 And be what Rome and Athens were before ?

And after giving a specimen of blank verse on a  
 subject taken out of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the noble  
 writer concludes with this ardent wish;

" O may I live to hail the glorious day,  
 And sing loud pœans through the crowded way,  
 When in triumphant state the *British Muse*,  
 True to herself, shall *barb'rous* aid refuse,  
 And in the Roman majesty appear,  
 Which none know better, and none come so near."

\* *Overflowed* is the proper word: See *Dr. Lowth's Introduction to English Grammar*. Here then we are reduced to this alternative ; Either the *grammatical propriety*, or else the *rhyme*, must be given up : *utrum horum magis, accipe*.

The

The time, I trust, is approaching, when Britain shall at last dare to think for herself, when she shall no more be carried away by custom and authority unsupported by Reason; but her very infants shall begin to lisp *manly sense*, and *nervous eloquence*, and shall learn to despise the *trifling* and *false taste* of their fore-fathers; when *rhyme* shall be abolished, when that fantastic idol of *Gothic ignorance* shall be dashed to pieces, its temple totally destroyed, and the very ground ploughed up, where the *abomination* stood.

T H E

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK I.

B



## THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, conducted by Minerva in the form of Mentor, lands, after having suffered shipwreck, on the Island of the Goddess Calypso, who was still regretting the departure of Ulysses. The Goddess receives him favourably, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and desires an account of his adventures. He relates his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his \* Misfortune on the coast of Sicily; the danger he was in of being sacrificed to the Manes of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor and himself gave Aæcles against an incursion of Barbarians; and the gratitude of the King, who, in return for this service, furnished them with a Pænician Vessel to carry them home to Ithaca.*

\* The French calls it *navfrage*, *shipwreck*; but this, in the *literal* sense, being inconsistent with the truth of the story, as related by the Author, I think it probable, if the Argument prefixed was written by him, that, instead of *navfrage*, he had used some more general expression. At the same time I am sensible, that the word is sometimes used in a figurative sense, and signifies *misfortune*, *calamity*. But *navfrage* being used in the *literal or proper* sense at the beginning of the Argument, I think it hardly probable, that the Author would have used the same word in a *different* sense within the compass of a few lines. At all events, it must be understood in a sense consistent with the *truth of the story*, which the English Translators of TELEMACHUS have overlooked.

---

---

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S.

---

B O O K I.

I N vain CALYPSO ev'ry art assays  
To chase the sad remembrance from her breast;  
The image of ULYSSES still recurs,  
Whose loss she mourns. Despairing of relief,  
The Goddess loathes her immortality. 5  
Her silent Grotto now no more resounds  
With her melodious voice; her pensive Nymphs  
In silence wait, nor dare to soothe her grief.  
Now all alone, and lost in thought, she strays  
Along the flow'ry borders of her Isle, 10  
Where smiles eternal Spring: each conscious scene  
Of

Of former bliss renews her deep regret.  
Now bath'd in tears, and motionless she stands  
Where from the beach with streaming eyes she view'd  
The hero's leſ'ning bark, till by degrees 15  
In ſhadowy vapours loſt it diſappear'd.

Here as ſhe gaz'd, ſhe all at once perceiv'd  
The pieces of a Ship but newly wreck'd;  
Oars, broken benches, ſcatter'd here and there  
Along the ſands; a rudder, and a maſt, 20  
With ſhatter'd cordage, floating near the ſhore.  
Then at a diſtance ſhe deſcries two men;  
One ſeem'd in years; the other bore, tho' young,  
A manifeſt reſemblance of ULYSSES:  
He had his gracefulness, his noble air, 25  
His ſhape, his ſtature, his majeſtic gait.  
At once the Goddeſs in the blooming youth  
Diſcerns TELEMACHUS, that hero's ſon:  
But who the venerable man could be,  
That now accompanied TELEMACHUS, 30  
Surpaſs'd her penetration, tho' divine:  
For the ſuperior Deities conceal  
From the inferior Gods whate'er they pleaſe:  
And now MINERVA, who in MENTOR's form

Accompanied



BOOK I.      *Of TELEMACHUS.*      5

Accompanied TELEMACHUS, thought fit      35

To hide her presence from CALYPSO's eyes.

Mean while CALYPSO with a secret joy

Beheld the wreck that brought into her Isle

ULYSSES' son, the image of his Sire.

But with dissembling air, and stern regard,      40

Advancing near,—Young Stranger, whence, said she,

This bold intrusion? Know, that none presumes

To tread these coasts, to enter these my realms,

Unpunish'd:—thus, with menaces severe,

Striving in vain to hide the heart-felt joy      45

Her sparkling eyes betray'd.

The youth replied;

O thou, whatever name befit thee best,

Mortal, or Goddess of this favour'd Isle,

(Tho' sure thy aspect marks thee for divine!)      50

Canst thou behold unmov'd a wretched son,

Who, at the mercy of the winds and waves,

Seeking his father lost, is cast away,

A hapless wand'rer! on these fatal rocks?

Who then, resum'd the Goddess, is your father?      55

TELEMACHUS replied, He's nam'd ULYSSES,

One

One of those Kings who, after ten years' siege,  
 Laid Troy in ashes. Through the States of Greece,  
 And all the distant regions of the East,  
 His valour and his wisdom were renown'd. 60  
 Now o'er the wide-extended main he roams,  
 A prey to all the dangers of the deep,  
 A wretched exile from his native shore.  
 PENELOPE, his wife, has lost all hope  
 Ever to see him more; and I, his son, 65  
 Expos'd to equal dangers with himself,  
 Despairing seek him—now perhaps—who knows?  
 For ever buried in his wat'ry grave!  
 Pity, O Goddess, pity our distress!  
 And, if thou know'st what destiny has wrought, 70  
 ULYSSES to preserve, or to destroy,  
 O deign to inform TELEMACHUS, his son!

With so much wisdom, so much eloquence,  
 Appearing in such early, blooming youth,  
 Affected and surpris'd, CALYPSO gaz'd 75  
 Awhile in silence;—then at length replied;  
 Hereafter, at a more convenient time,  
 We will inform you of your father's fate;  
 But now, TELEMACHUS, you seem fatigued,

And

And want refreshment. Come to my abode, 80  
I'll treat you as my son: come, you shall be  
My consolation in this solitude;  
And I am surety for your happiness,  
Provided you have wisdom to discern,  
To value, and improve your happy lot. 85

This said, she turn'd, and with majestic pace,  
Attended by a train of blooming Nymphs,  
Led onward, eminent above the rest,  
As a tall forest-oak, or stately pine,  
Above th' inferior and surrounding trees. 90  
TELEMA'CHUS following with delight beheld  
Her radiant beauty; her long, flowing robe  
Of rich and glowing purple; her silken locks  
With easy grace tied in a knot behind;  
The soft, enchanting lustre of her eyes. 95  
Then MENTOR with respectful air,—his eyes  
Cast on the ground,—in silence join'd the train.

CALYPSO'S Grotto now appear'd in view:  
At th' entrance soon arriving, with surprise  
TELEMACHUS beheld a thousand charms 100  
In nature's simple garb array'd. No gold,  
Silver,



Silver, or polish'd marble, it is true,  
No pillars, statues, pictures here were seen.  
This Grotto into curious vaults was form'd,  
Hewn in a rock; the bending roof thick-set 105  
With shell and pebble of various hue; the sides  
Were mantled o'er with a young spreading vine,  
The tapestry of nature. This recess,  
Ever with soft, refreshing breezes fann'd,  
Defied the sultry heat. A verdant lawn, 110  
Gayly enamel'd with a thousand flowers,  
Was spread around. The purling rills that stray'd  
Through meads with amaranths and violets deck'd,  
Form'd basins here and there along the plain,  
As clear as crystal. On one side was seen 115  
A wood of tufted trees, with golden fruit,  
That bear fresh blossoms all the seasons round,  
And scatter fragrance through the balmy air.  
This wood, impervious to the solar ray,  
Skirted the flow'ry lawn, and crown'd the scene. 120  
With vocal melody the wood resounds,  
Of warbling birds, of ev'ry name and note;  
Or with a rushing cata'ract's echoing noise,  
That tumbling headlong from the rocky height

Of a steep precipice, comes foaming down,      125  
Then fleets with trembling haste across the plain.

On a hill's sloping side the Grotto stood,  
The distant Sea in view; that now appear'd  
A smooth and glassy plain; now, as in scorn,  
Dashing against the rocks his idle wave,      130  
And now, in swelling billows mountain-high,  
Bursting with hideous roar.—On th'other side  
A winding river stray'd, whose parting streams  
Form'd various islands pleasing to the view,  
Border'd with flow'ry limes, and poplar-trees.      135  
Of towering height. Of these meandering streams,  
That seem'd to wanton o'er the verdant plain,  
Some roll'd with rapid course; some gently crept;  
Others by mazy windings seem'd to turn  
Back to their source, as loath to quit the scene.      140  
Far off, in varied and romantic shape,  
And terminating this delightful scene,  
Mountains and distant hills in prospect rose,  
That hid their lofty summits in the clouds.  
The mountains near at hand were clad with vines;      145  
The verdant branches bending in festoons,  
Were hung with shining loads of purple grapes;

The swelling clusters strove in vain to hide  
 Their glowing blushes 'midst the shadowing leaves.  
 The fig, the olive, the pomegranate-tree, 150  
 With trees of ev'ry name, adorn'd the plain,  
 Which, in the whole extensive view, appear'd  
 As one vast garden.

Having now display'd

All these gay scenes to the admiring eyes 155  
 Of young TELEMACHUS, the Goddess said,  
 'Tis time, TELEMACHUS, that you should rest  
 From your fatigue, and change your wet apparel;  
 You'll then return to us, and I'll relate  
 Such histories as will affect your heart. 160

He then with MENTOR, his celestial guide,  
 To a neighboring Grotto's deep recess retir'd;  
 Where, ready-kindled by the Nymphs, they found  
 A fire of cedar-wood, that shed around  
 Reviving fragrance: here the Nymphs had left 165  
 Changes of raiment for the new-arriv'd.  
 TELEMA'CHUS seeing for himself design'd  
 A vest of purest wool, as white as snow,  
 And a fine robe of tissued purple and gold,

With



With pleasure natural to youth beheld      170  
The rich attire.

Then MEN TOR gravely said;  
Are these, TELEMACHUS, are these the thoughts  
Fit for ULYSSES' son to entertain?  
Ah! rather meditate such manly deeds,      175  
As may be worthy of your father's name;  
And how to meet the frowns of adverse fate.  
The youth who with effemi'nate art delights  
His person vainly to adorn, is lost  
To wisdom and to glory; these belong      180  
Only to him who dares to suffer pain,  
And on delusive pleasure's slippery charms  
To trample with disdain.

Ye mighty Gods!  
(With a deep sigh TELEMACHUS replied,)      185  
Rather than stoop to pleasure's loose controul,  
O may I perish! Shall ULYSSES' son  
Sink in soft lux'ry, and inglorious ease?—  
Yet sure it was the fav'ring hand of Heaven,  
That after all our danger, all our toil,      190  
And shipwreck, cast us on this happy shore,

Where this terrestrial Queen, or Goddess rather,  
Loads us with benefits!

Ah! rather fear,

Said MENTOR, lest such good be evil; fear 195

Her soft-alluring wiles more than the rocks

On which your vessel split: shipwreck and death

Are not so formidable in themselves,

As Pleasure in deceitful smiles array'd

To lead unguarded innocence astray. 200

Do not believe the stories she'll relate:

Youth is presumptuous, over-confident,

Self-flattering, as in it's own esteem

Equal to all events; stranger to fear,

Too easy of belief. Be on your guard 205

Against her smooth, insinuating speech,

That, like a serpent under flow'rs conceal'd,

Darts poison unperceiv'd into the heart.

Beware; distrust yourself, and take no step

Without consulting me. 210

They then return'd

To where CALYPSO, with her numerous train,

Was waiting to receive them. Then the Nymphs,

Graceful

Graceful with braided locks, and dress'd in white,  
Serv'd up a plain, but elegant repast;      215

Consisting only of the flesh of birds,  
Of various kinds, which they had caught with nets,  
Or beasts which they had taken in the chase.

Wine, rich as nectar, flow'd in copious streams  
From silver vases into golden bowls      220

Adorn'd with garlands of sweet-smelling flowers:  
And all the fruits of Autumn crown'd the board.

Mean-time four blooming Nymphs began to sing:  
And first they sung the combat of the Gods  
Against the rebel-giants; next they sung      225

Th' amours of JUPITER and SEMELE,  
The birth of BACCHUS, father of the vine,  
Brought up by old SILENUS; then the race  
Of ATALANTA and HIPPOMENES

Who won the prize by means of golden fruit      230  
Brought from the garden of th' Hesperides.

At length was sung the famous siege of Troy;  
ULYSSES' wisdom and his great exploits  
Were celebrated with immortal praise.

LEUCOTHOË, the chief of all the Nymphs,      235  
Adapted to the voices of the rest

The music of her lyre.    His father's name



No sooner struck TELEMACHUS'S ear,  
Than trickling tears stole down his glowing cheeks,  
And gave new beauty to his countenance. 240  
At length, unable to enjoy the feast,  
He sunk oppress'd with sorrow. Seeing this,  
CALYPSO beck'ning gave the Nymphs a sign:  
At once they change the moving strain, and sing  
The Centaurs' combat with the Lapithæ, 245  
And the descent of ORPHEUS to the Shades,  
By music's charms to move th' infernal Powers  
To give him back his lost EURYDICE.

When finish'd the repast, and chang'd the scene,  
The Goddess took TELEMACHUS aside, 250  
And thus address'd him: Great ULYSSES' son,  
You see with how much favour you're receiv'd:  
Know, I'm immortal; and that none presumes,  
Unpunish'd, to profane with mortal step  
This my domain: nor could your late distress 255  
Secure you from my vengeance, were it not,  
That more than pity pleads in your behalf,  
Pleads for you in my breast;—in one word, *love*.  
The same good fortune which you now enjoy,  
Was once your father's lot, which he, alas! 260

Knew

Knew neither how to value, nor improve.  
 'Tis true, a long time I detain'd him here;  
 With me he might have liv'd, with me have reign'd  
 Here in a state of immortality.  
 But all these glorious prospects he despis'd;      265  
 So blinded was he by a fond desire  
 To see his wretched country. Now behold  
 What he has rashly forfeited!—for what?  
 For Ithaca—which he shall never see.  
 He was resolv'd to go—he went—not long      270  
 Unpunish'd; for his vessel, toss'd awhile  
 By furious winds, was buried in the deep.  
 Then learn to profit by your father's fate;  
 You now can never hope to see him more,  
 Nor ever to succeed him in his throne.      275  
 For this flight loss, behold a rich amends!  
 Behold a Goddess ready to complete  
 Your happiness, and an immortal crown!

And now the Goddess spar'd no pains to show,  
 What happiness ULYSSES had enjoy'd      280  
 As long as he thought fit to stay with her;  
 Related his adventures in the cave  
 Of the Cyclopean giant POLYPHEMUS,

And

And in the country of the Iestrigons ;  
 Also what happen'd to him in the Isle 285  
 Of CIRCE, and the dangers he incur'd  
 Twixt Scylla and Charybdis. She describ'd  
 The last and dreadful storm that NEPTUNE rais'd  
 Against him, after he had quitted her ;  
 In which she feign'd, that, having suffer'd wreck, 290  
 He perish'd ;—thus suppressing his escape,  
 And false arrival on a certain Isle.

TELEMACHUS, who was at first betray'd,  
 And dazzled by the honours he receiv'd,  
 Into excessive joy, perceiv'd at length 295  
 CALYPSO's artifice ; how wise and just  
 Th' advice of MENTOR.—Briefly he replied ;  
 O Goddess, pardon the excess of grief,  
 That now o'erwhelms my heart ; it may perhaps  
 Be more hereafter in my pow'r to taste 300  
 The happiness your bounty offers : now,  
 Permit me now to shed these fruitless tears  
 For my dear father's sake : you, Goddess, know,  
 Better than I, the worth that claims these tears.

CALYPSO seeing him overcome with grief, 305  
 Forbore to urge him further ; nay, she seem'd

Deeply



Deeply to sympathize in his distress.  
 But more effectually to lay the train,  
 And gain the avenue leading to his heart,  
 She begg'd to hear th' adventures he had past,      310  
 Before his shipwreck threw him on her coasts.

Alas! said he, the various scenes of woe,  
 That I have past, would make a tedious tale.

I shall not think it tedious, she replied,  
 I greatly long to hear it; lose no time      315  
 'To gratify my curiosity.  
 She press'd him to comply with her request.  
 At length, no longer able to resist  
 Her importunity, he thus began.

I left my native country, to inquire      320  
 Among the Kings who were return'd from Troy,  
 If they could give me tidings of my father.  
 PENELO'PE'S num'rous suitors were surpris'd  
 At my departure: of their treach'rous arts  
 Too well appris'd, I privately embark'd.      325  
 But neither MENELAUS the Spartan King,  
 Who entertain'd me with the highest marks

Of friendship and regard at Lacedemon,  
Nor NESTOR, whom I saw at Pylos, knew  
Whether my father were alive, or dead. 330  
No longer able to support the pain,  
The agony of suspense, I then resolv'd  
To sail for Sicily; for on that coast,  
As I had heard, my father had been driven  
By adverse winds. But MENTOR, whom you see 335  
Here present, disapprov'd the rash design,  
Describ'd the dangers likely to ensue,  
On one hand, from the Cyclops, monstrous giants  
That glut their horrid jaws with human flesh;  
And, on the other, from the hostile fleet, 340  
Then lying off the coast of Sicily,  
That brought ENEAS and his friends from Troy.  
The Trojans now, said he, bear deadly hate  
Tow'rd all the Greeks; but, above all, be sure,  
Would gladly sacrifice ULYSSES' son: 345  
Return to Ithaca, continued he,  
Who knows but you may find, already there,  
ULYSSES by the grace of Heaven restor'd?  
But if the Gods have fatally decreed,  
That he should perish, never to return, 350  
Or see his country more; You ought, at least,

To go and vindicate your father's wrongs,  
 To set PENELOPE at liberty,  
 To manifest your wisdom to the world,  
 And let the States of Greece behold in you      355  
 A King in all respects as fit to reign  
 As the renown'd ULYSSES.—But misled  
 And hurried by my passion, I was deaf  
 To ev'ry thing my faithful friend advis'd;  
 And all he could remonstrate was in vain:      360  
 Yet such his tenderness, that he resolv'd  
 On this rash voyage with me to embark,  
 And share it's dangers. Thus the mighty Gods  
 Permitted me to fall into the snare,  
 To teach me wisdom and humility.      365

Mean while, as thus TELEMACHUS discours'd,  
 CALYPSO with attentive, curious eye  
 Examined MENTOR: she was struck with awe;  
 She thought that in his aspect she perceiv'd  
 Something divine, still in her thoughts perplex'd,      370  
 Confounded, and amaz'd; fill'd with distrust  
 And terror at the sight of this Unknown.  
 But fearing her confusion should be seen,  
 Go on, TELEMACHUS, said she, go on,



Your story interests me much. Then thus 375  
TELEMACHUS resum'd:

Now for some time  
The wind blew fair for Sicily: at length  
A low'ring tempest brooding o'er the deep  
With sable wings, wrapt us in night profound. 380  
The lightnings flashing through the darken'd air,  
Gave us to see some other ships involv'd  
In the same danger: these, we soon perceiv'd,  
Were part of the much-dreaded Trojan fleet.  
I now saw clearly, but, alas! too late, 385  
The folly and presumption of my hopes.  
MENTOR, in this distress, not only' appear'd  
Unmov'd and fearless, but was more alert,  
More lively, and more gay than he was wont.  
His conduct gave me spirit; I felt myself 390  
Inspir'd with fortitude invincible:  
While he, without the least embarrassment,  
(The Pilot being disabled by his fears,)  
Gave orders, and directed ev'ry thing.  
MENTOR, my dearest friend, said I, ah! why, 395  
Why did I flight your counsel? Now behold

What

What misery I've brought upon myself,  
By that presumption, that self-confidence,  
Of inconsiderate, inexperience'd youth,  
Short sighted, blind to ev'ry future ill,      400  
And sacrificing still the present time  
To passion, and to folly!—Oh! if ever,  
If ever we outlive this dreadful storm,  
I'll no more trust myself, than I would trust  
My most inveterate foe! —MENTOR, henceforth      405  
I will implicitly confide in you!

Then MENTOR smilingly replied; Think not,  
I mean to cast reproach: it is enough,  
That you have seen your error, and confess it;  
As this experience may hereafter serve      410  
To curb and to controule your fond desires.  
But when the danger's over, then perhaps  
Presumption takes her turn again to reign.  
'Tis courage only can support us now.  
Ere danger come, be cautious, circumspect;      415  
But once arriv'd, behold it with contempt.  
Now prove your noble birth, now shew yourself  
Superior to the evils that surround,  
And menace you with death!

How

How was I charm'd 420

With MENTOR'S courage and composure join'd!

But how much more amaz'd, when I beheld

His spirited exertion and address

To' escape the Trojan fleet!—He had observ'd,

At th' instant when the sky began to clear, 425

And when the Trojans, being near at hand,

Must have discover'd us,—a ship of their's

Resembling our's, and parted from the rest

By the hard storm; her stern was crown'd with flowers.

He instantly prepar'd to hang our stern 430

With flow'ry garlands, to resemble their's,

And tied them on with the same-colour'd bands.

He then gave orders to the Row'rs to stoop

Over their benches, and bend down their heads,

That we might pass unnotic'd. Thus we pass'd 435

Into the very midst of all their fleet.

On seeing us, the Trojans rend the air

With shouts of joy, as for their friends restor'd,

Those friends whom they had once given up for lost.

Nay we were borne by the high-swelling sea 440

For some time with them, side by side. At length

We slack'd our course; and they by boisterous winds

Being driven tow'rd's the coast of Africa,

We



We strove with all our might, by dint of oars,  
To make the neighb'ring coast of Sicily.      445

At last we gain'd our point: but this soon prov'd  
Almost as dreadful as the Trojan fleet  
That we had just escap'd: for here we found  
Another set of Trojans, foes to Greece:  
Here old ACESTES reign'd, who came from Troy.      450  
We had no sooner set a foot on shore,  
Than some of the alarm'd inhabitants  
Took us for other people of the Isle,  
Arm'd, and prepar'd to' attack them by surprise;  
Or else for strangers come to-seize their lands.      455  
In the first sudden transport of their rage  
They set our ship on fire, and put to death  
All our companions: MENTOR and myself  
Alone escap'd their fury; we were spar'd,  
In order to be brought before ACESTES,      460  
That he might question us himself, and learn,  
Both whence we came, and what were our designs.  
With our hands bound behind us, we were brought  
Into the Town; nor was our death delay'd,  
But that we might be made a spectacle,      465

To

To gratify the peoples cruelty,  
As soon as they should hear that we were Greeks.

Straight they presented us before the King :  
Holding a golden sceptre in his hand,  
He sat dispensing justice to his people ; 470  
And now was just preparing to assist  
At a great sacrifice. With voice severe  
He ask'd us to what country we belong'd,  
And what might be the purport of our voyage.  
Not choosing to declare that we were Greeks, 475  
MENTOR at once replied ; O King, we come  
From the Hesperian coast, and not far thence  
Our country lies—The King would hear no more ;  
But taking us for spies that wish'd to hide  
Some treacherous design, he gave command 480  
To send us to a forest not far off,  
To serve as slaves to those who kept his flocks.  
But such a state to me seem'd worse than death :  
O King, I cried, 'twere better far to die,  
Than to be so degraded, subjected 485  
To such disgrace !—Know, I'm TELEMACHUS  
Son of ULYSSES King of Ithaca :  
In search of him I roam ; him, him I seek

On ev'ry coast of the wide-rolling sea:  
 But if I cannot find him, nor return      490  
 Home to my native country, nor avoid  
 A state of flav'ry,—take away my life,  
 A burden I no longer can support!

[voice

These words were scarce pronounc'd, when with one  
 The people rous'd, and all enrag'd, cried out,      495  
 It is not fit that he should live! the son  
 Of that ULYSSES, by whose cruel arts  
 Great Troy was laid in ashes! Let him die!—  
 Son of ULYSSES, then ACISTES said,  
 It is but just to sacrifice your blood      500  
 'To appease the Manes of those Trojan Chiefs  
 Slain by your father's hand,—untimely slain,  
 And doom'd to wander on the gloomy banks  
 Of black Cocytus. You must therefore die;  
 You, and your Guide.—An old man in the crowd      505  
 At the same time propos'd it to the King,  
 To sacrifice us on ANCHISES' tomb:  
 Their blood, said he, will please that hero's Shade:  
 How will his son ENEAS too be charm'd,  
 And touch'd with gratitude when he shall hear      510  
 Of such a sacrifice, such honours paid

E.

To



To him of all the world he held most dear!  
The saying pleas'd the multitude; and now  
Their thoughts were bent on our approaching fate.  
Now were we leading to ANCHISES' tomb: 515  
Two altars were prepar'd; the sacred fire,  
Already kindled, roll'd its dreadful spires;  
The fatal knife was plac'd before our eyes,  
And we, as victims, were adorn'd with flowers;  
No pitying eye appear'd, no gleam of hope; 520  
And now between us and our final doom  
Only a single moment interven'd,  
When MENTOR with compos'd and reso'lute air  
Demanded audience of the King; and said,

O King, if young TELEMA'CHUS fail to move 525  
Your pity, who ne'er rais'd an hostile arm  
Against the Trojan State; at least attend  
To your own int'rest—deeply now concern'd.  
By that foreknowledge of the will of Heaven,  
That skill in augury, which I've acquir'd, 530  
I clearly see, that, ere three days expire,  
You'll be invaded by a savage race  
Of fell Barbarians, pouring on your plains  
Like a huge torrent, ready to overwhelm

And

And desolate your country.—Haste, prepare,      535  
 This instant arm your people! Lose no time  
 To get your flocks and herds within the walls!—  
 If my prediction's false, you'll then be free,  
 At three days' end, to execute your will:  
 If it prove true, then sure it were unjust      540  
 To take their lives away who fav'd your own.

ACESTES had no sooner heard these words  
 With such authority pronounc'd, such force,  
 Such dignity as he had never seen  
 Before in man,—than he was struck with awe,      545  
 And deep astonishment. I plainly see,  
 O stranger, said ACESTES, that the Gods,  
 Who've dealt out to you with a sparing hand  
 The gifts of fortune, yet have taken care  
 To make a large amends, and in their stead      550  
 Have given you wisdom, a superior gift!  
 Th' intended sacrifice was now deferr'd:  
 He gave immediate orders to prepare  
 Against th' attack which MENTOR had foretold,  
 And to repair to arms.—At once were seen      555  
 Women alarm'd and terrified, old men  
 Stooping with age, children with cries and tears,

On ev'ry side retreating from the plains  
 Within the city-walls; the lowing herds,  
 The bleating flocks, in thick tumultuous droves, 560  
 Crowding the streets, from all the neighb'ring fields.  
 Tumult and noise promiscuous reign'd throughout,  
 Of jussling crowds, confusing and confus'd,  
 In wild disorder hurrying up and down, 565  
 They knew not whither. Some who thought themselves  
 Wiser and more discerning than the rest,  
 Some of their leading men, would needs contend,  
 That MENTOR was a cheat, and had devis'd  
 A false prediction to preserve his life.

At length the third day drawing tow'ards an end, 570  
 The wiser ones began to plume themselves  
 On their sagacity, when all at once,  
 Along the slope of the adjacent hills,  
 A whirling cloud of dust came rolling on ;  
 And soon they could discern Barbarian troops 575  
 Innum'able, and dusky-glimm'ring arms.  
 These were th' Hymerians, a savage race,  
 With other tribes from the Nebrodian hills,  
 And from the heights of Agragas, where reigns  
 Eternal winter, where was never felt

580

The



The soft'ning breeze of spring.--They who despis'd  
 MENTOR's prediction, lost their slaves and flocks.—  
 Then said the King to MENTOR, I no more  
 Consider you as Greeks, as enemies,  
 But as our faithful friends, as sent by Heaven      585  
 To save us. Haste, prepare to lend your aid;  
 There is no room to doubt but you excel  
 In valour as in wisdom.

At the word,

With fire, like lightning, flashing from his eyes,      590  
 Filling with dread amaze the stoutest hearts.  
 MENTOR sits on his helmet, takes a sword,  
 A glittering spear, and shield; draws up the troops,  
 And marching at their head, in due array  
 Advances towards the foe. Then, slow with age,      595  
 Though full of courage, with unequal steps  
 ACESTES follow'd; I kept nearer him;  
 But what could match the prowess of his arm?  
 His breast-plate, like MINERVA's shield, was hung  
 With terror, desolation, and dismay;—      600  
 Death watch'd his sword, and mark'd his way with blood.  
 So flies a lion on the tender flock;  
 By hunger stung he roars, he rends the prey,

And

And dies with blood the plain: in dire dismay  
The shepherds fly, and leave the helpless flock. 605

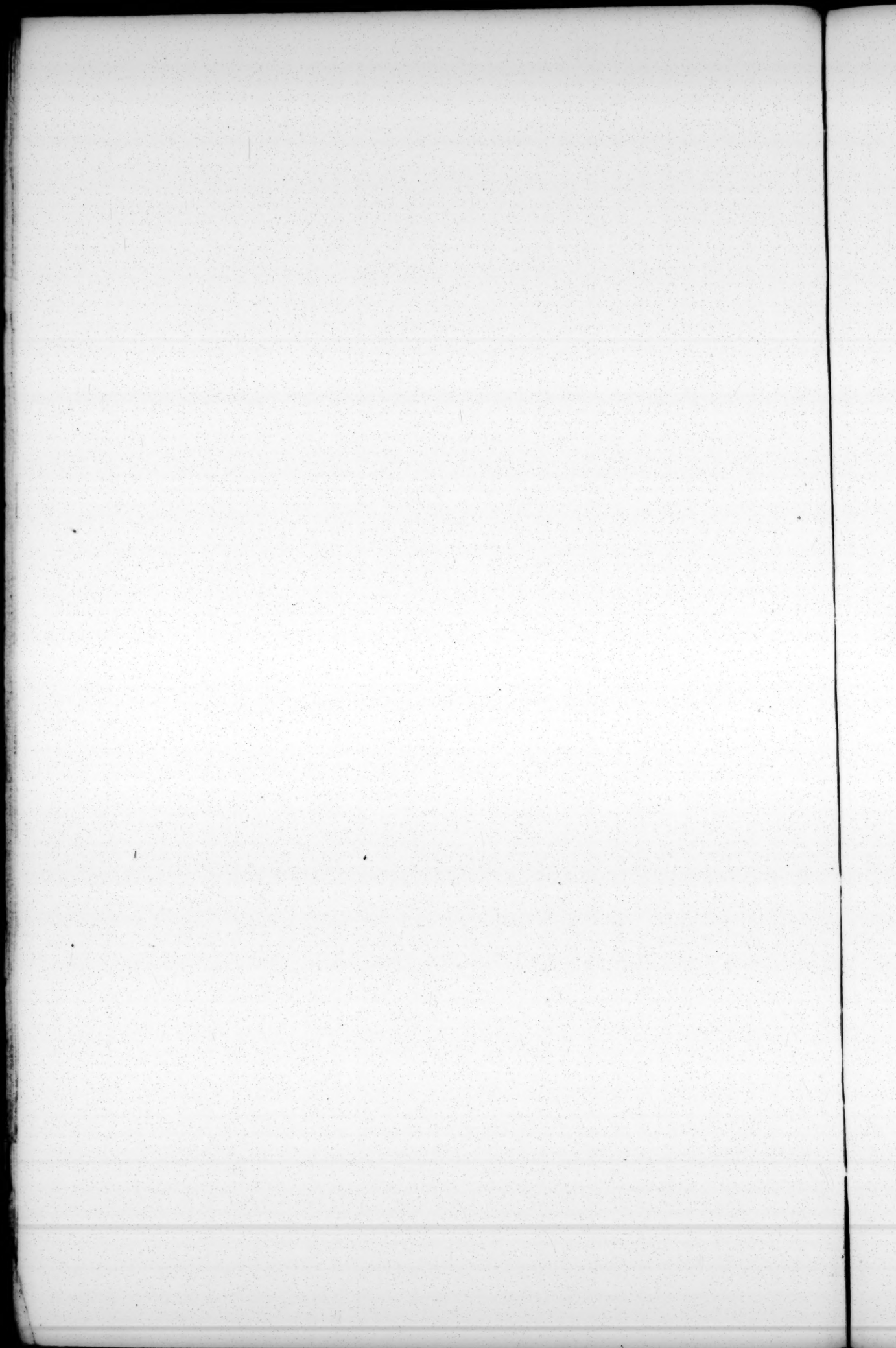
ACESTES' troops thus animated, rous'd  
By MENTOR'S voice and valour, now display'd  
Such courage as they never felt before.  
Th' invaders, who at first had been in hopes  
To come upon the city by surprise, 610  
Were now themselves surpris'd, and put to rout.  
With my own spear I level'd to the ground  
The son of the Barbarian King, in years  
My equal, but in stature and in strength  
By far superior, of gigantic race, 615  
Descended from the Cyclops. He disdain'd,  
Scorn'd such a foe, a stripling like myself:  
But undismay'd at his prodigious strength,  
Or at his savage, fierce, and brutal air,  
I rais'd my spear, and struck him to the heart: 620  
He fell—and vomiting a stream of gore,  
Expir'd. He strove to crush me in his fall;  
His echoing armour made the mountains ring.  
I stript him of his spoils, and then return'd  
To seek ACESTES.—The Barbarian troops 625  
Were put to total rout, and were pursued,  
With dreadful slaughter, to the forest-wilds.

From

From deep despair reviving into joy,  
 And ravishment at this unlook'd for turn,  
 All now consider'd MENTOR as inspir'd,      630  
 As a distinguish'd favourite of Heaven.  
 ACESIES fill'd with gratitude, observ'd,  
 That, if ENEAS, with the Trojan fleet,  
 Should chance return to the Sicilian coast,  
 He could not answer for our safety there :      635  
 He gave immediate orders to fit out  
 A ship to take us home to Ithaca:  
 And having loaded us with costly gifts,  
 He urg'd us to embark without delay,  
 To shun th' impending evils he foresaw.      640  
 The King not choosing, in these dang'rous times,  
 To trust his people on the coasts of Greece,  
 Some merchants of Phenicia were employ'd,  
 Who, as they were in trade with all the world,  
 And had no foreign enemy to fear,      645  
 Were to have brought us to our native shore,  
 And then return'd to Sicily. But Heaven,  
 That laughs at the designs of mortal men,  
 For us, alas! had other ills in store.

*The End of the first Book.*





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK II.

F

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus relates how he was taken in the Phenician vessel by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of that country, and the wisdom of it's government. He adds, that Mentor was sent as a slave into Ethiopia; that he himself was conveyed to the desert of Oasis, where he was obliged to take the care of a flock; that in this situation he was comforted by Termosiris, a priest of Apollo, who exhorted him to follow the example of Apollo who once kept the flocks of King Admetus: that the wonderful improvements brought about by his means among the Shepherds of the desert, at last reached the ears of Sesostris, who being convinced of his innocence recalled him from his captivity, and engaged to send him back to Ithaca; but that the death of this King plunged him into new misfortunes; that he was confined in a tower situated on the sea-shore, from which he saw the new King Bocchoris slain in a battle against his revolted subjects, who had called in the Tyrians to their assistance.*



---

---

T H E  
A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
T E L E M A C H U S.

---

B O O K II.

**T**HE Tyrians by their insolence and pride  
Had given offence to the Egyptian King  
SESOSTRIS, who by his puissant arms  
So many mighty Kingdoms had subdued.  
The opulence of their commercial state, 5  
Their city Tyre impreguably secur'd  
By nature and by art, had swell'd the pride  
Of this ambitious people, who refus'd  
To pay the tribute by that King impos'd,  
When he return'd triumphantly in arms 10  
From foreign conquests; and had countenanc'd  
His brother's base design against his life;

F 2

Who

Who, in the midst of a triumphal feast,  
 And grand rejoicings on the King's return,  
 Had made a dire attempt to stain the feast      15  
 With massacre and blood.

Being now resolv'd

To humble their intolerable pride,  
 The King sent squadrons out to scour the Seas,  
 To intercept their ships, and spoil their trade.      20

The hills of Sicily had just begun  
 To disappear; and now the distant coast  
 Receding seem'd to mingle with the clouds,  
 When we fell in with an Egyptian fleet,  
 Which, like a city floating on the waves,      25  
 Seem'd making towards us. Our mariners,  
 Observing this, would fain have bent their course  
 Another way; but it was now too late;  
 Th' Egyptian ships were swifter far than our's,  
 And right before the wind: th' Egyptians board,      30  
 They seize their prize, and instantly set sail,  
 With us their captives, for th' Egyptian coast.  
 In vain I urg'd to these unfeeling men,  
 That We were not Phenicians; they scarce deign'd  
 To lend an ear; but taking us for slaves,      35

(This

(This being a branch of the Phenician trade,)  
 All their concern was, how much they might gain  
 By such a prize.—At length we could perceive  
 The sea-wave white with foam, where it receives  
 The mingling waters of the seven-mouth'd Nile;      40  
 And almost level with the sea appear'd  
 The coast of Egypt: then we soon arriv'd  
 At th' Isle of Pharos, near the city No;  
 And thence we coasted up the Nile to Memphis.

    If any charm of pleasure could have mov'd      45  
 Our hearts in sorrow sunk, and deep regret  
 For freedom lost; how might those scenes have charm'd,  
 That now surrounded us!—the fertile plains  
 Of Egypt water'd by a thousand streams,  
 A garden of delights! on either hand      50  
 Fair, stately cities rising to the view,  
 Delightful villa's, cultivated fields

41. *And almost level &c.*] “*Et nous voyons la côte d’Egypte presque aussi basse que la mer*”, says the French. Dr. Hawkesworth translates it, “And the coast of Egypt appear’d in the horizon like a cloud”. Now though I am sensible, that a mere literal translation can seldom do justice to any passage, yet I think the *idea* of the Author, and especially every *descriptive* circumstance, ought to be inviolably preserved. But to say, that the coast *appeared in the horizon like a cloud*, is no more descriptive of the *Egyptian* coast than of any other coast seen at a distance: whereas Telemachus intimates, that they were near enough to discover, that the coast was *low and flat*, so as to be *almost on a level with the sea*.

That



That wave with golden crops, year after year,  
With inexhaustible fertility!

Meadows with flocks and herds diversified,  
Husbandmen bending under loads of fruit,  
That bounteous Nature from her copious horn  
In rich abundance pour'd! and all around  
Shepherds that taught each echo to repeat  
The liquid melo'dy of their vocal reeds!

55

60

Happy that prince said MENTOR, whose delight  
Is in his people's happiness and love!

Whose laws breathe wisdom and benevolence!

Still, as his people taste the fruits of peace,  
They feel their happiness deriv'd from him.

65

If ever it should please th' immortal Powers

To place you on your royal father's throne,

'Tis thus, TELEMACHUS, you ought to reign.

Be this your wisdom; Gain your people's love;

And love them as a father loves his children.

70

Blest with the sweets of plenty and of peace,

Then shall they say, with gratitude and joy,

'Tis thus the King delights to make us happy!—

Those Kings, whose only aim is to be fear'd,

To force their people to submit, like slaves,

75

To

To base oppression, arbitrary power,  
 Are justly styl'd the scourges of mankind.  
 They're fear'd, 'tis true, and so far gain their ends:  
 But dark distrust, revenge, and deadly hate,  
 Still rankling in their people's breasts, such Kings 80  
 Have from an injur'd people more to fear,  
 Ev'n than their people have to fear from them.

Alas! what boots it, sorrowing I replied,  
 To think of rules and maxims how to reign?  
 For Ithaca's no more! to me no more! 85  
 I never more shall see my native Isle,  
 I shall behold PENELOPE no more!  
 Nor, if ULYSSES should at last return  
 In triumph to his kingdom, shall he there  
 With joy behold his son; nor I his son, 90  
 With joy obeying him, be taught to reign!  
 Death only can release us! Let us die!  
 My dearest MENTOR, let us die! For see,  
 Heaven disregards, Heaven pities us no more!

These words in broken accents half-pronounc'd, 95  
 My bosom heav'd with sighs of deep despair.  
 MENTOR tho' ever on his guard, tho' apt

To take alarm at ev'ry distant ill,  
 Yet knew no fear, the moment it arriv'd.  
 Is this, TELEMACHUS, is this, said he,      100  
 A conduct worthy of ULYSSES' son,  
 The wife ULYSSES? Shall misfortune's frown  
 Subdue your heart, and sink it in despair?  
 Now mark me; know, that you shall be restor'd  
 To Ithaca, and to PENELOPE;      105  
 Nay, be assur'd, that you shall one day see  
 In his prime glory, him you never knew,  
 Th' invincible ULYSSES, unsubdued  
 By his misfortunes, greater far than your's;  
 Who thus instructs you never to despair.      110  
 Oh! if he knew, on that far-distant shore,  
 Where tempest-rost the hero is detain'd,  
 That you, his son, were such a slave to fear,  
 So lost to manhood, and to fortitude;  
 How would he sink with shame, and with concern,      115  
 And feel a ruder shock than e'er he felt  
 From all the evils he has yet endur'd!

MENTOR then led me to observe the joy,  
 And the abundance every where diffus'd  
 Through Egypt's fruitful and extensive plains,      120  
 With



With more than twenty thousand cities crown'd.  
 With never-ceasing praise he still admir'd,  
 The polity and justice there maintain'd,  
 Where riches could not shelter the unjust,  
 And where the poor and fatherless had right.      125  
 The children were from infancy inur'd  
 To labour, industry, sobriety,  
 And due submission to superior sway;  
 Were taught to reverence th' immortal Gods,  
 And strictly to observe religious rites;      130  
 Inspir'd with warm ambition to excel,  
 Each in his sphere, in learning, or in arts;  
 Inspir'd with love of truth, unshaken faith,  
 Justice unforc'd, and free benevolence.  
 He thought he never could enough admire      135  
 The beauty, order, and propriety,  
 That reign'd throughout. Happy, he still exclaim'd,  
 Happy the subjects of so wise a King!  
 Yet happier still the King who thus consults  
 The peace and welfare of such multitudes,      140  
 And is himself with conscious virtue blest!  
 His empire is secur'd by stronger ties  
 Than those of fear,—the ties of love; his laws  
 Are willingly, and with delight obey'd;

G

Are

His throne is high-erected in the hearts 145  
Of all his people, who adore their King.  
So far from wishing to be rid of him,  
They fear to lose him; nay, there's not a man  
Who would not sacrifice his life for him.

Thus as my wife and faithful friend discours'd, 150  
My fears gave way, my drooping heart reviv'd.  
When we arriv'd at Memphis, we were brought  
Before the Governor, who gave command  
To carry us without delay to Thebes,  
To be presented there before the King, 155  
Who chose to examine ev'ry thing himself,  
And whose resentment now was highly inflam'd  
Against the Tyrians. We again embark'd,  
And were conducted up the Nile to Thebes,  
That famous city with an hundred gates; 160  
'Twas here the great SESOSTRIS kept his Court.  
This city seem'd to be of vast extent,  
And far more populous than those in Greece  
Of greatest note. The streets were neat and clean,  
From ev'ry nuisance and incumbrance free; 165  
The baths, the conduits, and the reservoirs,  
For public use, were kept in due repair.  
The arts here flourish'd in their proper soil,

The

The bosom of security and peace.

The Squares of this vast city were adorn'd      170

With fountains, or with stately obelisks;

The Temples built with marble, in a style

Of mingled grandeur and simplicity.

The royal Palace in itself alone

Seem'd like a tow'ring city: here were seen      175

Pillars of marble, pyra'mids, obelisks,

Statues of colosséan magnitude,

Magnificent and costly furniture

Of massive silver, and of massive gold.

SESOSTRIS was inform'd, that we were taken      180

In a Phenician vessel. Ev'ry day,

At certain stated hours, he sat to hear

Complaints, petitions, or intelligence,

From any of his subjects; all were heard,

Not ev'n the meanest slighted; for he thought      185

His people's welfare and tranquillity

The only end for which a King should reign.

All strangers were with courtesy receiv'd

By this wise Monarch, who still hop'd to gain

Some useful knowledge by conversing with them      190

Of their respective customs, manners, laws,

In consequence of this prevailing turn,



This general thirst of knowledge in the King,  
 It was, that we were now presented to him.  
 He sat upon a throne of ivory, 195  
 And held a golden sceptre in his hand :  
 He now appear'd somewhat advanc'd in years,  
 But of a pleasing and majestic mien.  
 He employ'd the day in settling State-affairs,  
 And doing justice betwixt man and man. 200  
 His patience and his wisdom far above  
 The reach of flatt'ry, were by all admir'd.  
 After the various business and fatigue  
 Of the past day, he spent his evening-hours  
 In hearing the discourse of learned men, 205  
 Or in conversing with the most polite  
 Amongst his Courtiers, such as he thought fit  
 To' admit to more familiar intercourse,  
 And well knew how to choose. His character,  
 I've been inform'd, was free from ev'ry fault 210  
 But that of treating with too great disdain  
 And haughtiness, the Kings he took in war;  
 And placing too implicit confidence  
 In *one*, whom I shall presently describe.

The King was touch'd with pity at my youth; 215  
 He ask'd my name and country: we were struck

With

With admiration at his eloquence,  
 Humanity, and wisdom. I replied;  
 Great King, no doubt, you have already heard  
 By many, of the ten years' siege of Troy, 220  
 And how much blood the conquest cost to Greece.  
 ULYSSES King of Ithaca, my father,  
 Was one of those confederate Kings of Greece,  
 By whom that city was at length destroy'd.  
 Now wand'ring o'er the deep, the sport of winds, 225  
 He seeks, but seeks in vain, his native realms.  
 In quest of him through various fates I roam;  
 And a misfortune similar to his,  
 Has now reduc'd me to captivity.  
 O King, restore me to my native land! 230  
 Restore me to my father and my friends!  
 So may the Gods preserve you to your children,  
 And make them know and feel their happiness  
 In such a father, and in such a King!

SESOSTRIS still beheld me with an air 235  
 Of tenderness, yet mingled with reserve;  
 Seem'd willing to believe our story true;  
 But to proceed on surer grounds, the King  
 Gave us in charge to' an Officer of State,  
 Who was commission'd strictly to inquire 240  
 Of

Of those who took us, if we were, in fact,  
Greeks, or Phenicians. If they prove to be  
Phenicians, said the King, they then deserve  
Doubly to suffer ; first, as enemies,  
And still more for the infamous attempt 245  
To blind us by a false and groundless tale.  
On th' other hand, if they are really Greeks,  
My pleasure is, that they should be receiv'd  
With hospitality, and due respect,  
And that a vessel should without delay 250  
Be fitted out, to take them home to Greece.  
I love the Greeks ; and many of their laws  
Have been deriv'd from Egypt : I well know  
Th' exploits of HERCULES ; the high renown  
Of PELEUS' son has also reach'd our ears ; 255  
And I admire the wisdom of the great,  
Th' unfortunate ULYSSES. To relieve  
Virtue distress'd is my delight and pride.

The Officer commission'd by the King  
To search into the truth of our report, 260  
Was as corrupt and crafty, as the King  
Was open and sincere. This Officer,  
Whose name was METOPHIS, us'd all his art  
By intricate inquiries to confound

And



And puzzle us: but as he soon perceiv'd,      265  
 That MENTOR was above his artifice,  
 And answer'd with more caution than myself,  
 He instantly beheld him with disgust  
 And apprehension; for 'tis still observ'd  
 That bad men ever hold antipathy      270  
 Against the good and virtuous. He resolv'd  
 To separate us; and for a long, long time  
 The fate of MENTOR was to me unknown.  
 This cruel stroke o'erwhelm'd me with despair.

The artful METOPHIS was now in hopes,      275  
 Question'd apart, that we should disagree  
 And clash in our accounts; at least, he thought,  
 That I by promises might be induc'd  
 To own what MENTOR had perhaps conceal'd.  
 The truth indeed was not his end or aim,      280  
 But to find out some plausible pretence  
 To make the King believe our story false,  
 And that we were Phenicians; with the view  
 Of making us his slaves. Thus, in effect,  
 For all our innocence, this wretch found means      285  
 To elude the penetration of the King.  
 Alas! to what are Kings expos'd! How oft

Are

Are ev'n the wisest and the best deceiv'd!  
The avenues of courts for ever swarm  
With selfish and designing sycophants; 290  
The good, the virtuous, in disgust retire;  
Such, neither forward to obtrude themselves,  
Nor apt to flatter where they can't approve,  
Come not unfought; and who'll direct a King  
To find out their retreats? On th' other hand, 295  
Bad men are still insinuating, bold,  
Full of dissimulation and deceit,  
Eager to please, prepar'd to sacrifice  
Truth, honour, conscience, to the basest views,  
And ready to adore the shrine of power. 300  
Such is the fate of Princes, still expos'd  
To be the dupes of artifice and fraud!  
If they are pleas'd with flatt'ry, and reject  
Those who with honest boldness speak the truth;  
They're ruin'd, they're undone!--Such were the thoughts  
That now occur'd to me in my distress: [305  
And all that MENTOR formerly had said,  
With double force now rush'd into my mind.

While I was musing thus, an order came  
From METOPHIS, that I should be convey'd 310  
Straight to the desert of Oafis; there

With

With other slaves, to feed his num'rous flocks  
Along the desert-hills.

CALYPSO here

Thought fit to interrupt TELEMACHUS:      315

Tell me, said she, how did you manage then,  
You who in Sicily thought death itself  
To be prefer'd to slav'ry?

He replied;

Such was my fate, no choice was left me now,      320

Not ev'n the miserable choice to die:

I was compell'd to drink the very dregs

Of four misfortune's cup. Lost in despair,

I had not pow'r to make the least attempt,

Or speak a single word, to' avert my doom.      325

MENTOR has since inform'd me, he was sold

To Ethiopian Merchants, and convey'd

To Ethiopia.

I was brought at length

To' a dreary desert, where the plains are scorch'd      330

With burning sands, and on the mountain-tops

Cover'd with snow, perpetual winter reigns.

No herbage here is seen but where the flocks

H

Crop



Crop scanty food amidst the craggy cliffs.  
Between the lofty mountains' steepy sides 335  
The valleys are so deep, that the sun's rays  
Can scarce reach half-way down. These dreary tracts  
Were only here and there inhabited  
By a few Shepherds, all as wild and rude  
As these uncultivated tracts themselves. 340  
I spent the night in tears, and all the day  
In following up and down my wandering flock,  
'To' avoid the persecution of a slave  
Nam'd BURIS, set to overlook the rest.  
This slave was ever on the watch to find 345  
Cause of complaint against the other slaves,  
With an affected diligence and zeal  
For th' int'rest of his master; but, in truth,  
Hoping to gain his freedom for his pains.  
This circumstance completed my distress. 350  
One day, o'erwhelm'd with grief, I left my flock,  
And laid me down at th' entrance of a cave,  
Wishing for death as th' end of all my woes.  
At once the mountain trembled under me,  
The Oaks, the Pine-trees on the mountain-top, 355  
Wav'd to and fro, as they would quit their place;  
Deep silence fill'd the air; a hollow voice,

Forth

Forth issuing from the cave, pronounc'd these words.

" Son of the wise ULYSSES, to be great,

Thou must, like him, endure the will of Heaven 360

With patience. Princes who have ever liv'd

In the fair sun-shine of prosperity,

Enervated by luxury and ease,

Too apt to swell with vanity and pride,

Rarely deserve the honours they enjoy. 365

Thy present sufferings, if well improv'd,

And deeply graven on thy memory,

Will one day prove the source of happiness.

Thou shalt return to Ithaca; nay, more,

Thy glory shall resound throughout the world. 370

When thou'rt exalted to supreme command,

And other men are subject to thy sway,

Then recollect, that thou thyself wast once

Afflicted, poor, and destitute, like them;

Relieve their pressures, pour into their wounds 575

The healing balm of comfort, and of love;

Be this thy glory, thy supreme delight.

But shun the poison'd bait of flattery,

And be assur'd, that, if thou wouldst be great,

Thou must resolve to exercise thy power 380

With moderation, valiantly resolve  
To keep thy passions under strict controule."

These words oracular, this voice divine  
Sunk to the bottom of my soul; I felt  
New joy and courage spring within my breast; 385  
But nothing of that horror and amaze  
That chills the blood, and makes the starting hair  
To stand on end, whene'er the Gods vouchsafe  
To' impart their high behests to mortal ears.  
Calm and serene I rose from where I lay, 390  
And on my knees with lifted hands ador'd  
MINERVA, as by whom, I did not doubt,  
This gracious Oracle had been vouchsaf'd.  
Rais'd to new life, I felt my mind enlarg'd,  
Enlighten'd, and an over-ruling power 395  
That held th' impetuous passions of my youth  
Under it's soft controule. I won the hearts  
Of all the Shepherds; my assiduous care,  
Patience, and gentleness, at length appeas'd  
The cruel BUTIS, tho' dispos'd at first 400  
To teaze and persecute me.

To beguile  
The tedious hours, and to support my mind,

That



That now began to droop in solitude,  
 And pine for want of intellectual food,      405  
 I sought for books. How happy they, said I,  
 Who, far from relishing tumultuous joys,  
 Are pleas'd with innocent tranquillity;  
 And whose delight is to adorn their minds  
 With useful knowledge! They, wherever thrown 410  
 By the caprice of fortune, still possess  
 A fund of entertainment in themselves:  
 They who in reading can employ their time,  
 Are free from that disgust and lassitude,  
 Which, like a dead weight, hangs on other minds, 415  
 Ev'n in the midst of pleasure. Happy they  
 Who love to read, and have it in their power!  
 My mind thus occupied, I plung'd one day  
 Into a shady forest; all at once  
 I could perceive approaching towards me      420  
 An old man holding in his hand a book.  
 His forehead, somewhat mark'd by th' hand of time,  
 Was large and open; his white beard hung down  
 Ev'n to his girdle; he was tall of stature,  
 And of majestic mien; the bloom of youth      425  
 Was still unfaded in his cheek; his eye  
 Was quick and piercing; his voice mild and sweet;

His

His language simple, plain, and elegant:  
I never saw old age so venerable.  
Deep in the bosom of a shady wood 430  
A Temple flood of great magnificence,  
Rais'd in this forest by Egyptian Kings  
In honour of APOLLO; here th' old man,  
Whose name was TERMOSIRIS, serv'd as priest.  
The book he held contain'd some chosen hymns 435  
In honour of the Gods. With friendly air  
He soon accosted me, and we engag'd  
In conversation. He describ'd the past  
With so much spirit, energy, and life,  
That ev'ry scene seem'd present to my eyes; 440  
And yet with such perspicuous brevity,  
My mind was never wearied with his tale.  
His penetration was so quick, so deep,  
That he could look into futurity,  
And read the secret purposes of men. 445  
With all this depth of knowledge he was still  
Cheerful, engaging; nor had youth itself  
Such gratefulness and ease as he possess'd  
In his old age. And 'twas his dear delight  
To instruct the minds of youth, when they appear'd 550  
Docile, discreet, and virtuously-inclin'd.

In a short time the good old man conceiv'd  
 A tender friendship for me, gave me books  
 To amuse and comfort me, call'd me his son.  
 My father, often would I say to him,      455  
 At length the Gods have taken pity on me,  
 And in your friendship have supplied to me  
 The loss of MENTOR. This man was, no doubt,  
 As ORPHEUS, or as LINUS, Heaven-inspir'd.  
 Some verses of his own he would recite,      460  
 And often furnish me with some compos'd  
 By other fav'rites of the heavenly Muse.  
 When, in his long and snow-white robe attir'd,  
 He took and play'd upon his ivo'ry lyre,  
 The lions, tigers, bears, would flock around,      465  
 And fawning lick his feet. The Satyrs charm'd,  
 Forth from their shady coverts came in troops,  
 And danc'd around him. Nay, the trees themselves  
 Seem'd to be mov'd; and the impending rocks,  
 That crown'd the summit of the neighboring hills, 470  
 Seem'd eager to descend upon the plain,  
 Attracted by the magic of his song.  
 His theme was still—the greatness of the Gods,  
 The fortitude of heroes, or the praise  
 Of those men who, by heavenly wisdom led,      475  
Prefer



Prefer true glory to the shadowy glare  
Of fleeting pleasure.

He would often tell me,  
I must not be dishearten'd; for that Heaven  
Would ne'er forsake ULYSSES, or his son. 480  
At length he' exhorted me to imitate  
APOLLO, and to teach the Shepherd-swains  
To cultivate the favour of the Muse.  
APOLLO much displeas'd, said he, that JOVE  
Should by his thunder-storms so oft deform 485  
The fairest days, resolv'd to be reveng'd  
On those who forg'd the thunder. Presently  
The Cyclops felt his keen and fatal shafts.  
At once Mount Etna ceas'd to vomit forth  
The spiry-whirling flame; the dreadful strokes 490  
Of iron hammers now no more were heard,  
That thund'ring on the anvil, shook the earth,  
And made the caverns of the deep resound.  
No longer polish'd by the Cyclops' art,  
The iron and the brass began to rust. 495  
Then VULCAN from his forge bursts furious forth,  
And hobbling hurries towards the Court of JOVE:  
Cover'd with sweat and dust, he soon arrives

Among

Among the Gods, and bitterly complains  
 Of th' injury receiv'd. Jove highly' incens'd      500  
 Against APOLLO, banish'd him from Heaven,  
 And threw him head-long from his station there,  
 Down to the earth. His empty Car self-mov'd,  
 Perform'd it's usual course, and gave to men  
 The same vicissitude of day and night,      505  
 The same returning seasons as before.  
 Stript of his beams, APOLLO was reduc'd  
 To lead a shepherd's life, and keep the flocks  
 Of King ADMETUS. Often on the brink  
 Of a clear fountain, under shady elms,      510  
 Reclining he would play upon his pipe,  
 And all the other Shepherds, who till then  
 Had led a savage, and a brutal life,  
 Would come and listen to his melody.  
 Before that time, to tend and milk their sheep,      515  
 To shear the fleece, and turn their milk to curds,  
 Was all they knew; while all the country round  
 Was like a dreary wilderness.

In time

APOLLO taught the shepherds all the arts      520  
 That polish or improve the rural life.  
 He sung the beauties of the vernal year,

I

It's

It's lively verdure, and it's fragrant flowers;  
The summer-evenings' soft and cooling breeze,  
When falling dews refresh the thirsty earth; 525  
He sung the golden fruits that Autumn pours,  
To crown the labours of the husband-man.  
He then describ'd the plenty and repose  
Of winter, with the sports and frolic dance  
Of cheerful youth around the winter-fire. 530  
He painted in his song the hanging woods,  
Whose solemn gloom o'erspreads the lofty hills;  
And the deep valleys where a thousand streams  
Meand'ring wanton through the smiling meads.

Thus in his pleasing and instructive song 535  
He taught the list'ning Shepherds what delights  
The calm retreat of rural life affords  
To those who relish nature's simple charms.  
In a short time the Shepherds with their pipes  
Were happier far than Kings; pleasures unmixt, 540  
That fly the pomp of gilded Palaces,  
Came flocking to the Shepherds' humble cots;  
And ev'ry day was crown'd with festive joy.  
Where'er the artless Shepherdesses stray'd,  
Still in their train the Graces, Smiles, and Loves, 545  
Were seen to wanton. Nothing now was heard

But



But the sweet melody of warbling birds,  
 Soft breathing Zephyrs sporting in the trees,  
 The pleasing murmurs of some headlong stream,  
 Or else the Shepherds of APOLLO's train,      550  
 Chanting the songs the Muses had inspir'd.  
 He taught the Shepherds how to win the prize  
 Of victory in the race, and with the shaft  
 To pierce the flying deer. The Gods at length  
 Becoming jealous of their happiness,      555  
 Recall'd APOLLO to his place in Heaven.

    This little history, my son, should serve  
 For your instruction, who are circumstanc'd  
 As once APOLLO was. Be it your praise;  
 To disembroil this rude and trackless waste,      560  
 And, like him, make the barren wilderness  
 A fruitful field; make all the Shepherds feel  
 The' enchanting pow'r of heaven-born harmony;  
 Smooth, soften, humanize their savage breasts,  
 Then shew them Virtue in her native shape,      565  
 How fair, how lovely; set before their eyes  
 The guiltless joys, the undisturb'd repose  
 Of simple Shepherds. Ah! my son, one day  
 The weight, and cares, and pomp of Royalty

Will make you recollect with deep regret      570  
The tranquil pleasures of the pastoral life.

On saying this, the venerable Priest  
Gave me a pipe so ravishingly sweet,  
That all the Shepherds from the neighboring hills,  
Attracted by its melody, in crowds      575  
Came gath'ring round me. Energy divine  
Accompanied my voice; I seem'd to feel  
A transport of desire to celebrate  
The charms of nature, and a rural life.  
We often sung in concert all the day,      580  
And thought the day too short. The Shepherds charm'd,  
Us'd to forget their cottages and flocks,  
And hang in mute attention on my lips,  
While I instructed them. The country round  
Was now no more a dreary wilderness,      585  
But seem'd to soften into smiles of joy,  
And to improve with it's inhabitants.

We often met, to offer sacrifice,  
In that magnificent Temple of APOLLO,  
Where TERMOSIRIS minister'd as Priest.      590  
The Shepherds were on these occasions crown'd  
With

With laurel-wreaths in honour of the God:  
 The Shepherdesses, bearing on their heads  
 In baskets sacred offerings and gifts,  
 Came dancing hand in hand, adorn'd with flowers 595

After the sacrifice, on our return,  
 We never fail'd to make a rural feast:  
 Milk, which our flocks supplied, with various fruits,  
 As dates, figs, grapes, fresh-gather'd by ourselves,  
 Was all our fare; our seat the flow'ry turf: 600  
 The tufted trees afforded us a shade  
 More pleasing than a canopy of State.

A circumstance, that I shall now relate,  
 Serv'd to complete my fame and character.  
 One day a lion from the forest-wilds, 605  
 By hunger press'd, rush'd in upon my flock:  
 He had already seiz'd his trembling prey:  
 With nothing but my sheep-hook in my hand,  
 I hasten'd towards him: at my approach,  
 With mane erect, and eyes as red as fire, 610  
 The lion grinds his teeth, puts forth his claws,  
 Opens his horrid jaws inflam'd and parch'd,  
 And lashes with his tail his shaggy sides:

At



At once I seiz'd, and threw him to the ground.  
 A little coat of mail, that I had on,      615  
 (Such as th' Egyptian Shepherds use to wear.)  
 Serv'd to secure me from his claws: three times  
 I threw him down, three times he rose again  
 With such a roar as made the forests ring.  
 At length I smother'd him between my arms.      620  
 The Shepherds, who were present on the spot,  
 Who saw the combat, and the vict'ry won,  
 Would make me wear the grisly monster's skin.

The fame of this achievement, of the change,  
 And of the wonderful improvement wrought      625  
 Among the Shepherds, quickly spread itself  
 All over Egypt; presently it reach'd  
 The ears of King SESOSTRIS, who was told,  
 That one of those two captives who were taken  
 In a Phenician vessel, had restor'd      630  
 The golden age amidst the desert-wilds.  
 This generous Monarch, who was always pleas'd  
 With ev'ry thing that tended to improve  
 And to facilitate the arts of life,  
 And lov'd the Muses, had a strong desire      635  
 To see this captive; I was brought before him:

He

He listen'd to my story with delight;  
 He saw how grossly he had been deceiv'd  
 By th' avaricious, artful METOPHIS;  
 Whose wealth, by treachery and fraud acquir'd, 640  
 Was all confiscated; and he was doom'd  
 To imprisonment for life.—Then said the King,  
 What a misfortune is it to be rais'd  
 Above the rest of men! Kings seldom see  
 With their own eyes, and seldom hear the truth: 645  
 They are surrounded by a set of men,  
 Whose study, and whose interest it is,  
 To hood-wink, and to keep them in the dark;  
 Who, with a shew of zeal to serve their King,  
 Serve but their own ambition; who pretend 650  
 To love their Master, when they only love  
 The riches and the honours he confers.  
 Such is the love they bear him, such their zeal,  
 That, to secure his favour, they deceive,  
 They flatter, and betray him. 655

After this.

SPÉOSTRIS treated me with all the marks  
 Of the most tender friendship and regard,  
 Resolv'd to send me home to Ithaca,  
 And furnish'd me with vessels, and with troops, 660  
 To

To rescue the distress'd PENELOPE  
From all her suitors. All was now prepar'd,  
And nothing else remain'd but to embark.  
I could not help revolving in my mind  
The various turns of Fortune, all at once 665  
Exalting those whom she has most depress'd.  
From this experience I was led to hope,  
That sure ULYSSES might at length return,  
Tho' late, and after various sufferings,  
In triumph to his Kingdom: and I thought 670  
Some happy turn might yet restore to me  
My lost friend MENTOR, tho' perhaps convey'd  
To regions far remote, and little known.  
As I delay'd embarking for a while,  
In order to procure, if possible, 675  
Some tidings of him,—in this interval  
SESOSTRIS, who was far advanc'd in years,  
Died suddenly. Thus all my hopes and schemes  
Were crush'd at once; and I was overwhelm'd  
With fresh misfortunes.—Egypt felt the stroke 680  
Through all her Provinces; each family  
Seem'd to lament as for their dearest friend,  
Their father, and protector. 'Th' old men cried,  
In sorrow lifting up their hands to Heaven,  
Never was Egypt bless'd with such a King, 685  
Nor



Nor ever will she see his like again.

O Heaven! such Kings should either not be shown  
To mortal men, or never taken from them!

Ah! why should we outlive the great SESOSTRIS?

The young men pierc'd with equal sorrow, cried, 690

How is the great support of Egypt fallen!

And find, how happy have our fathers been,

Who've pass'd their lives under so good a King!

For us, we've seen him but to feel his loss.

His late domestics wept incessantly.      695

When the King's funeral was solemniz'd,

For forty days, the people came in crowds

From ev'ry part of Egypt; ev'ry one

Eager to take one last and mournful view

Of their beloved Master's lifeless corse;      700

Eager to fix his image on their minds.

Nay, many, such was their excess of grief,

Wish'd to be shut up with him in the tomb.

What made his loss the more regretted, was,

That his son BOECCHORIS had no desire,      705

By courtesy, and by humanity,

To gain the love of strangers; had no taste

For learning, or for arts; had no esteem

For men of virtue and integrity,

No generous sentiment, no third of fame. 710  
His father's grandeur had contributed  
To make him so unworthy of the throne.  
Train'd up in luxury and brutal pride,  
He look'd upon the rest of men with scorn,  
As of a kind inferior to himself, 715  
As only born to serve his purposes.  
He thought of nothing but to please himself,  
To gratify at large his own desires,  
To waste in riot and extravagance  
The treasures which his father had amass'd, 720  
And sav'd by his economy and care;  
To violate the peace of families,  
To prey upon th' unfortunate; in short,  
To follow blindly and implicitly  
The counsels of the young and thoughtless crew. 725  
That fill'd his train, and fed his vanity:  
While all the old experienc'd counsellors,  
Who had enjoy'd his father's confidence,  
Were driven from his presence with contempt.  
It was a monster, not a King, that reign'd. 730  
All Egypt felt the change; all Egypt groan'd:  
And tho' Sesostris' name and memory,  
So dear to the Egyptians, for a while  
Made them support with patience the unjust,

Cruel,

Cruel, oppressive conduct of his son,      735  
 The son rush'd blindly forward to his ruin:  
 Nor *could* a prince who thus abus'd his power,  
 Continue long to reign.

I now despair'd

Ever to see my native country more.      740  
 I languish'd in a solitary Tower  
 On the sea-shore, and near the very place  
 Where, in a few days, had SESOSTRIS liv'd,  
 We were to have embark'd for Ithaca.  
 The artful METOPHIS, it seems, found means      745  
 Not only to procure his liberty,  
 But to insinuate himself at Court:  
 And he, to be reveng'd for the disgrace  
 Which I had caus'd him in the former reign,  
 Contriv'd to have me sentenc'd to this Tower.      750  
 In sorrow' of heart I pass'd the days and nights,  
 O'erwhelm'd with all the bitterness of woe.  
 Now all that TERMOSIRIS had foretold,  
 And all that I had heard the voice pronounce      [755  
 From the cave's mouth, seem'd but an empty dream.  
 Sometimes I cast my eyes upon the waves  
 That beat against the bottom of the Tower;  
 Often with deep attention I observ'd



The ships that were in danger, through the storm,  
Of being dash'd to pieces on the rocks 760  
On which the Tow'r was built. The lot of those  
Who were thus threaten'd with immediate wreck,  
So far from raising pity in my breast,  
To me seem'd enviable. Soon, thought I,  
These men from all their sorrows, all their cares, 765  
Will be at rest, or reach their native shore :  
For me, alas ! no hope remains of either.

Thus as I fed my unavailing woe,  
I could perceive, as 'twere, a wood of masts;  
The sea was cover'd to a vast extent, 770  
With swelling sails; the waves were white with foam  
Rais'd by the stroke of oars innum'able.  
Shouts, cries confus'd, arose on ev'ry side.  
One party of Egyptians on the shore,  
Alarm'd and terrified, I could perceive 773  
Running to arms; I saw another set  
That seem'd in haste to meet th' approaching fleet.  
I soon found out, that of these foreign ships  
Some were Phenician, others were from Cyprus :  
For the disastrous fortunes I had past, 780  
Had made me conversant in sea-affairs.  
Th' Egyptians seem'd divided, side and side :

Hence

Hence I at once concluded, that the King  
 Had, by his folly and his tyranny,  
 At last provok'd his subjects to revolt,      785  
 And kindled all the rage of civil war.  
 Ere long, from my apartment in the Tower,  
 I was spectator of a bloody fight.

Th' Egyptians who' had engag'd in their support  
 These foreign powers, and favour'd their descent, 790  
 Attack'd that party of their countrymen,  
 Who had the King in person at their head.  
 He, boldly leading on his troops, appear'd  
 Like MARS the warrior God: Death mark'd his steps;  
 His chariot-wheels dragg'd o'er obstructing heaps 795  
 Of mangled carcases, were dield in blood.  
 This Prince, of haughty and disdainful mien,  
 Young, active, vigorous, and full of fire,  
 Like a high-mettled steed that scorns the bit,  
 Rush'd blindly on, incapable of fear,      800  
 Courageous without conduct: in his eye  
 Sat fury and despair.

Unhappy Prince,  
 Whose pride was his misfortune, and his bane!

He

He scorn'd to rectify his past mistakes,  
 Nor had he patience ev'n to issue out  
 His orders with precision; he was blind  
 To all the dangers that surrounded him,

805

And

802. He scorn'd to rectify &c.] “Il ne devoit ni réparer ses fautes, ni donner des ordres précis, ni prévoir les maux qui le menaçoient, ni employer les gens dont il avoit le plus grand besoin”.

All the English Translators of Telemachus, all at least, whose performances I have seen, have considered this passage as relating to the King's *misconduct in the field of battle*, or his want of military skill. Dr. Hawkesworth translates it thus: “He knew not how to retrieve an error, nor to give orders with sufficient exactness; he neither foresaw the evils that threatened him, nor employ'd the troops he had to the greatest advantage, though he was in the utmost need of more”.

But in his present *supposed situation*, in the midst of the battle, what evils was he to *foresee*? or, what were the evils that threatened him?—Before the action begins indeed, it is the part of an experienced General to *foresee*, and to guard against, all probable contingencies: but once engaged in battle, he must regulate his conduct by circumstances, as they happen to occur; for who can pretend to *foresee* the chances of war, or the fate of a battle?

“Nor employed the troops he had to the greatest advantage, though he was in the utmost need of more”.—By which I suppose the Translator means, “that the King had but *few troops*, and that he did not employ the few he had, to the greatest advantage”. And this, I think, is the fairest and best sense that the words (if they have any meaning) can be brought to bear.—But does the expression *employer les gens* ever signify *to employ troops to advantage*? or, if the Author had meant *troops*, would he have used that very indefinite word *gens*? or, if he had meant to say, that the King had but *few troops*, would he have said, *dont il avoit le plus grand besoin*?

Since therefore the passage in question, considered in this view, as relating to the King's *misconduct in the field of battle*, appears to me to have no consistent or intelligible meaning; I conceive, it must relate to the King's *general conduct and character*.



And knew not how to engage or to secure  
The services of those he needed most. 810  
This was not owing to his want of parts,  
But of experience; he had never gain'd  
Instruction by adversity: and those  
Who had the care and conduct of his youth,

By

I take the phrase here used, *manquer quelqu'un*, to be equivalent to *avoir des ménagemens et point quelqu'un*. In Vol. 2d. Article 124th of the *Synopsis Française* published by M. Brault, the latter phrase is used in connexion with the very same words which are here used in connexion with *manquer*. In the Article above-cited it is proposed to show the difference, and to point out the proper and distinct application of the several words, *épargner*, *Ménagemens*, *éconômies*, *Conservation*. These words are first defined, and then applied in the following manner: "On doit avoir des ménagemens pour les honnêtes gens: des *ménagemens* pour ceux qui sont en état de guerre; des *éconômies* pour les parents et les amis; de la *conservation* avec ceux avec qui l'on traite."

The interpretation therefore which I should prefer, is this: "The King) was above making the least concession for the errors of his country, or his pride would not suffer him to recede from, or change the measures he had once adopted; he was not capable of shaking out his orders with exactness; he had no sense of his danger, was totally unprepared against evils or calamities that threatened him, (viz. the revolt of his subjects, and the consequent honors of a civil war;) nor had he prudence or address sufficient to engage in his interests those persons whose services he had the greatest occasion for."

The Author (in the person of Telemachus) having just before been describing the young King's rashness, impetuosity, and want of conduct in the battle, turns aside, as it were, for a moment, to give the reader a list of his general character, and to point out the *causes* by which he drew upon himself his present misfortune; and then immediately follows the *Consequences*; by which means the reader lies in a stronger light, and fully and in readiness of the King's general conduct, thus directly connects it with the final consequences of it.

By the pernicious bane of flattery, 815  
Had warp'd his naturally noble mind.  
The height of his prosperity and power  
Had turned his brain; and he began to think,  
The world itself was made for him alone.  
If any one presum'd to interpose, 820  
When he had once declar'd his sov'reign will,  
His passion carried him beyond all bounds,  
He was no longer master of himself,  
His sense, his reason, his humanity,  
Deserted him at once, and he became 825  
Furious and fierce as a wild beast let loose.  
His best, his real friends were forc'd to fly,  
And none but his most abject slaves were safe.  
Thus by his passions hurried to extremes,  
He lost sight of his real interest, 830  
And by his pride and folly soon became  
'The detestation of the wise and good.

For a long time his valour bore him up  
Against th' oppressive shock of hostile arms:  
At last by numbers overpower'd, he fell. 835  
A dart was thrown by a Phenician hand,  
That pierc'd him to the heart: the reins at once  
Dropt from his hands; and from his chariot fell

The

The dying Prince, down at his horses' feet.  
 One of the Cyprian soldiers with a sword      840  
 Struck off his head; then took it by the hair,  
 And held it up in triumph to the view  
 Of the victorious troops.

All my life long

Shall I remember having seen that head      845  
 Streaming with blood; the eyes quite sunk and closed;  
 That pale disfigur'd countenance; that mouth  
 Half-open, as if eager to resume  
 It's interrupted speech; that haughty air  
 Yet uneffac'd, still threatening ev'n in death.      850  
 All my life long will this affecting scene  
 Be painted, as it were, before my eyes.  
 If ever the immortal Pow'rs of heaven  
 Grant me to reign, I never shall forget  
 A truth so fatally exemplified,      855  
 That no King can deserve the sov'reign power,  
 Nor can be safe or happy on his throne,  
 But as he yields to reason's just controul.—  
 How lamentable is it, that the man  
 Whose station eminently marks him out      860



The guardian of the public happiness,  
Should be exalted to supreme command  
Over such numbers of his fellow-creatures,  
Only as their misfortune, and their curse !

*The End of the Second Book.*

